

# Thanksgiving Songs

## Display Edition

Nov. 19, 2021

**T**hese songs ... more or less ... relate to giving thanks and to Thanksgiving Day, although in some cases, it's a *distant* relation. Still, it's a starting point for us in 2021. A few more may straggle in to the mix. Feel free to make suggestions!!!

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# Apple Pie (Spirit In The Sky parody)

Original music & lyrics by Norman Greenbaum (1969); Adaptation by JoyLily

Apple Pie by JoyLily

## Intro (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C  
When we dine on turkey that's dressed

F  
That's the night that we all eat the best

C  
Even when the cranberry's dry

G C  
Gonna enjoy that apple pie.

C  
Gonna enjoy that apple pie.

F  
That's what we'll do on that special high

C  
When we dine on turkey that's dressed

G C  
That's the night that we all eat the best.

## Instrumental (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C  
Prepare yourself you know it's a must

F  
Wear your special pants or you'll bust.

C  
With all this food, you'll be fine.

G C  
Un-buckle your pants for that apple pie.

C  
Un-buckle your pants for that apple pie.

F  
That's what we'll do on that special high

C  
On the night that the turkey is dressed

G C  
That's the night that we all eat the best.

## Instrumental (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C  
We'll start a diet some time next year

F  
For now, please, pants don't bust

C  
With all this food, we'll be fine.

G C  
Un-buckle your belt for that apple pie.

C  
Load me up with that apple pie.

F  
That's what I want on that special night.

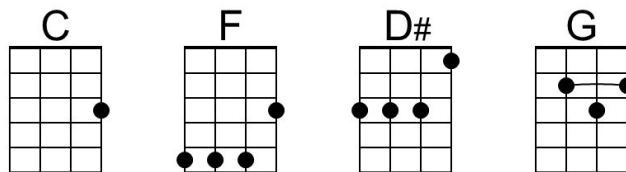
C  
Don't give a darn\* a-bout all the rest.

G C  
I want the part of the meal that's the best!

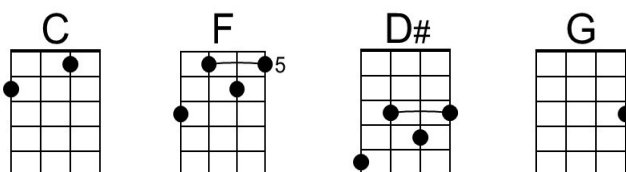
C  
Give me the dessert that's the best!

## Outro (2x)

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |



## Baritone



\* "Darn" was not the original lyric, but I didn't feel that "cr\*p" was appropriate for a family-safe web site.



# Apple Pie (Spirit In The Sky parody)

Original lyrics by Norman Greenbaum (1969); Adaptation by JoyLily

Apple Pie by JoyLily

### Intro (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

**G**  
When we dine on turkey that's dressed

**C**  
That's the night that we all eat the best

**G**  
Even when the cranberry's dry

**D** **G**  
Gonna enjoy that apple pie.

**G**  
Gonna enjoy that apple pie.

**C**  
That's what we'll do on that special high

**G**  
When we dine on turkey that's dressed

**D** **G**  
That's the night that we all eat the best.

### Instrumental (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

**G**  
Prepare yourself you know it's a must

**C**  
Wear your special pants or you'll bust.

**G**  
With all this food, you'll be fine.

**D** **G**  
Un-buckle your pants for that apple pie.

**G**  
Un-buckle your pants for that apple pie.

**C**  
That's what we'll do on that special high

**G**  
On the night that the turkey is dressed

**D** **G**  
That's the night that we all eat the best.

### Instrumental (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

**G**  
We'll start a diet some time next year

**C**  
For now, please, pants don't bust

**G**  
With all this food, we'll be fine.

**D** **G**  
Un-buckle your belt for that apple pie.

**G**  
Load me up with that apple pie.

**C**  
That's what I want on that special night.

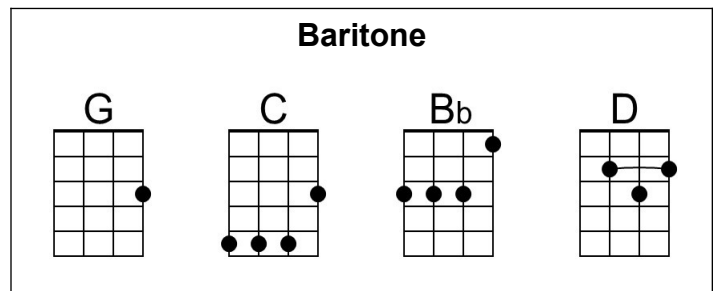
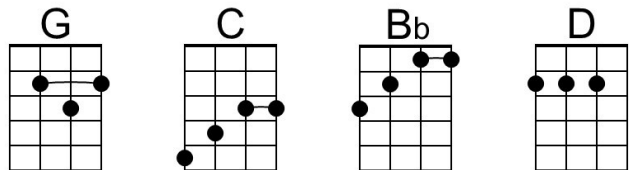
**G**  
Don't give a darn\* a-bout all the rest.

**D** **G**  
I want the part of the meal that's the best!

**D** **G**  
Give me the dessert that's the best!

### Outro (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |



\* "Darn" was not the original lyric, but I didn't feel that "cr\*p" was appropriate for a family-safe web site.

**Apple, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie (Maurice Irby, Jr., 1967) (C)**

Apple, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie by Jay and the Techniques (Bb – 140 BPM)

**C G D C G D**  
Ready or not here I come  
**D C G D C G**  
Gee that used to be such fun

**G Am**  
Apples peaches pumpkin pie

**G Am**  
Who's not ready? Holler "I"

**G Am**  
That's a game we used to play

**G Am**  
Hide and seek was its name, Oh...

**C G D C G D**  
Oh ready or not here I come

**D C G D C G**  
Gee that used to be such fun

**C G D C G D**  
I always used to find a hiding place

**D**  
Times have changed  
Well I'm one step behind you,  
but still I can't find you

**G Am**  
Apple peaches pumpkin pie

**G Am**  
You were young and so was I

**G Am**  
Now that we've grown up it seems

**G Am**  
You just keep ignoring me

**C G D C G D**  
I'll find you anywhere you go

**D C G D C G**  
I'm gonna look high and low

**C G D C G D**  
You can't escape this love of mine,  
anytime

**D**  
Well, I'll sneak up behind you  
Be careful where I find you

**G Am**  
Apple peaches pumpkin pie

**G Am**  
Soon your love will be all mine

**G Am**  
Then I'm gonna take you home

**G Am**  
Marry you so you won't roam, baby

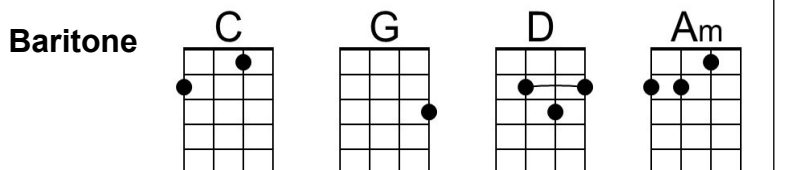
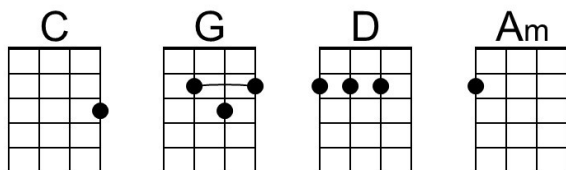
**G Am**  
Marry you so you won't roam.

**C G D C G D**  
I'll find you anywhere you go

**D C G D C G**  
I'm gonna look high and low

**C G D C G D**  
You can't escape this love of mine,  
anytime

**D**  
Well, I'll sneak up behind you  
Be careful where I find you



**Apple, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie (Maurice Irby, Jr., 1967) (G)**

Apple, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie by Jay and the Techniques (Bb – 140 BPM)

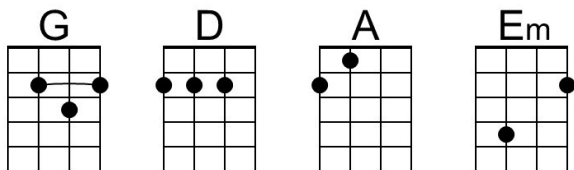
**G D A G D A**  
Ready or not here I come  
**A G D A G D**  
Gee that used to be such fun

**D Em**  
Apples peaches pumpkin pie  
**D Em**  
Who's not ready? Holler "I"  
**D Em**  
That's a game we used to play

**D Em**  
Hide and seek was its name, Oh...  
**G D A G D A**  
Oh ready or not here I come  
**A G D A G D**  
Gee that used to be such fun

**G D A G D A**  
I always used to find a hiding place  
**A**  
Times have changed  
Well I'm one step behind you,  
but still I can't find you

**D Em**  
Apple peaches pumpkin pie  
**D Em**  
You were young and so was I  
**D Em**  
Now that we've grown up it seems  
**D Em**  
You just keep ignoring me



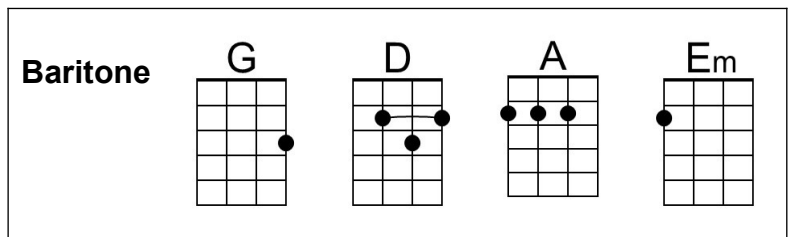
**G D A G D A**  
I'll find you anywhere you go  
**A G D A G D**  
I'm gonna look high and low  
**G D A G D A**  
You can't escape this love of mine,  
anytime

**A**  
Well, I'll sneak up behind you  
Be careful where I find you

**D Em**  
Apple peaches pumpkin pie  
**D Em**  
Soon your love will be all mine  
**D Em**  
Then I'm gonna take you home  
**D Em**  
Marry you so you won't roam, baby  
**D Em**  
Marry you so you won't roam.

**G D A G D A**  
I'll find you anywhere you go  
**A G D A G D**  
I'm gonna look high and low  
**G D A G D A**  
You can't escape this love of mine,  
anytime

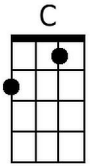
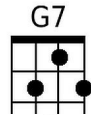
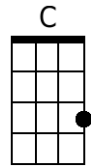
**A**  
Well, I'll sneak up behind you  
Be careful where I find you



**Christmas Times A-Comin'**  
 (Benjamin "Tex" Logan, 1951) – (Charles de Lint version)  
Christmas Time's a-Comin' by Patty Loveless

**Intro: Strum in on C**

**C** **G7**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin'  
**C** **G7** **C**  
 Christmas time's a-comin' and I know I'm goin' home  
**C** **G7**  
 Holly's in the window home where the wind blows  
**C** **G7** **C**  
 Can't walk for runnin', Christmas time's a-comin'

**Chorus**

**C** **F**  
 Can't you hear them bells ringin', ringin' joy to all, hear them singin'  
**C** **G7** **C**  
 When it's snowin', I'll be goin' back to my country home.  
**C** **G7**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',  
**C** **G7** **C**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

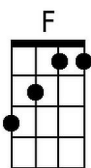
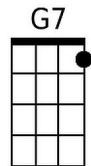
**Instrumental:**

**C** **G7**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',  
**C** **G7** **C**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

**C** **G7**  
 White candle's burnin' my old heart's a-yearnin'  
**C** **G7** **C**  
 For the folks at home when Christmas time's a-comin'. **Chorus & Instrumental**

**C** **G7**  
 Snow flake's a-fallin', my old home's a-callin',  
**C** **G7** **C**  
 Tall pine's a-hummin', Christmas time's a-comin'. **Chorus**

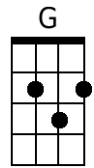
**C** **F**  
 Can't you hear them bells ringin', ringin' joy to all, hear them singin',  
**C** **G7** **C**  
 When it's snowin', I'll be goin' back to my country home.  
**C** **G7**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',  
**C** **G7** **C**↓  
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

**Baritone**

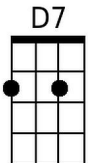
**Christmas Times A-Comin'**  
 (Benjamin "Tex" Logan, 1951) – (Charles de Lint version)  
Christmas Time's a-Comin' by Patty Loveless

**Intro Strum in on G**

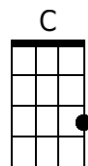
**G** **D7**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin'  
**G** **D7** **G**  
 Christmas time's a-comin' and I know I'm goin' home



**G** **D7**  
 Holly's in the window home where the wind blows  
**G** **D7** **G**  
 Can't walk for runnin', Christmas time's a-comin'

**Chorus**

**G** **C**  
 Can't you hear them bells ringin', ringin' joy to all, hear them singin'  
**G** **D7** **G**  
 When it's snowin', I'll be goin' back to my country home.  
**G** **D7**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',  
**G** **D7** **G**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

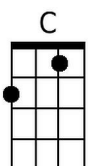
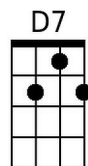
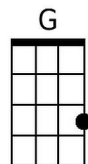
**Instrumental:**

**G** **D7**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',  
**G** **D7** **G**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

**G** **D7**  
 White candle's burnin' my old heart's a-yearnin'  
**G** **D7** **G**  
 For the folks at home when Christmas time's a-comin'. **Chorus & Instrumental**

**G** **D7**  
 Snow flake's a-fallin', my old home's a-callin',  
**G** **D7** **G**  
 Tall pine's a-hummin', Christmas time's a-comin'. **Chorus**

**G** **C**  
 Can't you hear them bells ringin', ringin' joy to all, hear them singin',  
**G** **D7** **G**  
 When it's snowin', I'll be goin' back to my country home.  
**G** **D7**  
 Christmas time's a-comin', Christmas time's a-comin',  
**C** **G7** **C**↓  
 Christmas time's a-comin', and I know I'm goin' home.

**Baritone**



## Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - GCEA

**Introduction** Am D7 G C

**G7 Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7**  
When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

**Am D7 G G**  
And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless - ings.

**Am Em F7 C F Em G7 E7**  
When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.

**Am D7 G7 C**  
And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless - ings.

**Ab Cm Bbm7 Fm**  
I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,

**Ab Eb G7 C Dm7 C C7**  
And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

**Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7**  
If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

**Am D7 G G7**  
And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your bless - ings.

**Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7**  
So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

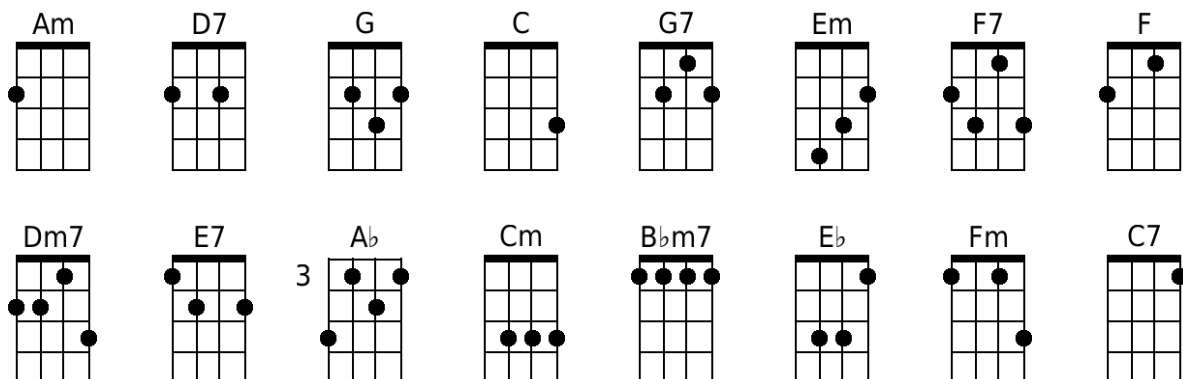
**Am D7 G7 C**  
And we'll fall a-sleep, counting our bless - ings.

**Ab Cm Bbm7 Fm**  
We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,

**Ab Eb G7 C Dm7 C C7**  
With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

**Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7**  
If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

**Am D7 G7 C**  
And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your bless - ings.

**GCEA**

## Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - **DGBE****Introduction** Am D7 G C

**G7 Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7**  
When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

**Am D7 G G7**  
And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless - ings.

**Am Em F7 C F Em G7 E7**  
When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.

**Am D7 G7 C**  
And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless - ings.

**Ab Cm Bbm7 Fm**  
I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,

**Ab Eb G7 C Dm7 C C7**  
And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

**Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7**  
If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

**Am D7 G G7**  
And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your bless - ings.

**Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7**  
So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

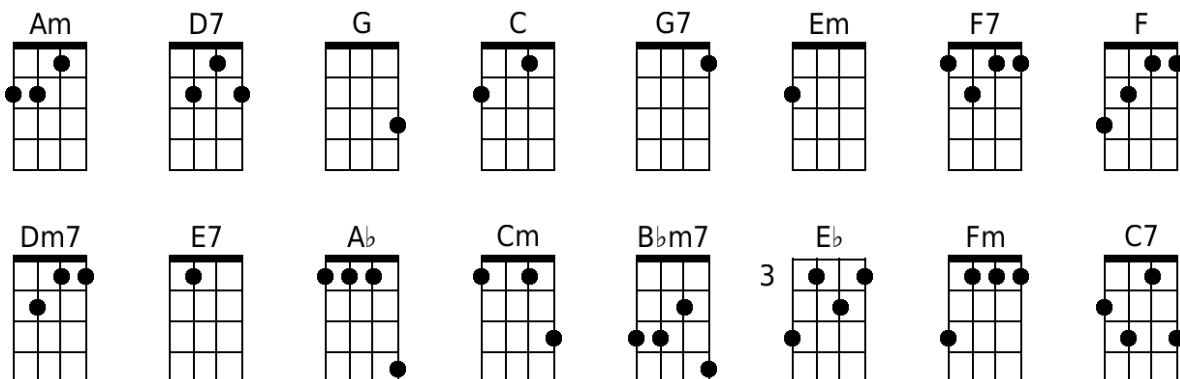
**Am D7 G7 C**  
And we'll fall a-sleep, counting our bless - ings.

**Ab Cm Bbm7 Fm**  
We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,

**Ab Eb G7 C Dm7 C C7**  
With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

**Am Em F7 C F Em Dm7 E7**  
If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

**Am D7 G7 C**  
And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your bless - ings.

**DGBE**

## Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - GCEA

**Introduction** Dm G7 C F

**C7 Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7**  
 When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-stead of sheep,  
**Dm G7 C C7**

And I fall asleep, counting my blessings.

**C7 Dm Am Bb F Bb Am C7 A7**  
 When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.  
**Dm G7 C7 F**

And I fall a-sleep, counting my blessings.

**Db Fm D#m7 Bbm**  
 I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,  
**Db Ab C7 F Gm7 F F7**

And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

**Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7**  
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-stead of sheep,  
**Dm G7 C7 F**

And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your blessings

**Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7**  
 So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-stead of sheep,  
**Dm G7 C7 F**

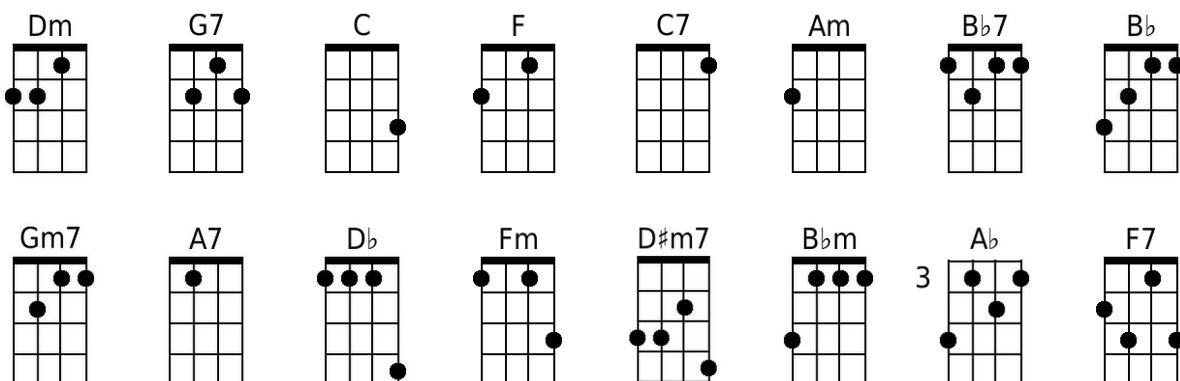
And we'll fall asleep, counting our blessings.

**Db Fm D#m7 Bbm**  
 We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,  
**Db Ab C7 F Gm7 F F7**

With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

**Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7**  
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-stead of sheep,  
**Dm G7 C C7 F**

And you'lll fall asleep, counting your ble- ess- ings.

**GCEA**

## Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation – **DGBE****Introduction** Dm G7 C F

**C7 Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7**  
 When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-stead of sheep,  
**Dm G7 C C7**

And I fall asleep, counting my blessings.

**C7 Dm Am Bb F Bb Am C7 A7**  
 When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.  
**Dm G7 C7 F**

And I fall a-sleep, counting my blessings.

**Db Fm D#m7 Bbm**

I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,

**Db Ab C7 F Gm7 F F7**

And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

**Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7**  
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-stead of sheep,  
**Dm G7 C7 F**

And you'll fall a-sleep, counting your blessings

**Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7**

So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-stead of sheep,

**Dm G7 C7 F**

And we'll fall asleep, counting our blessings.

**Db Fm D#m7 Bbm**

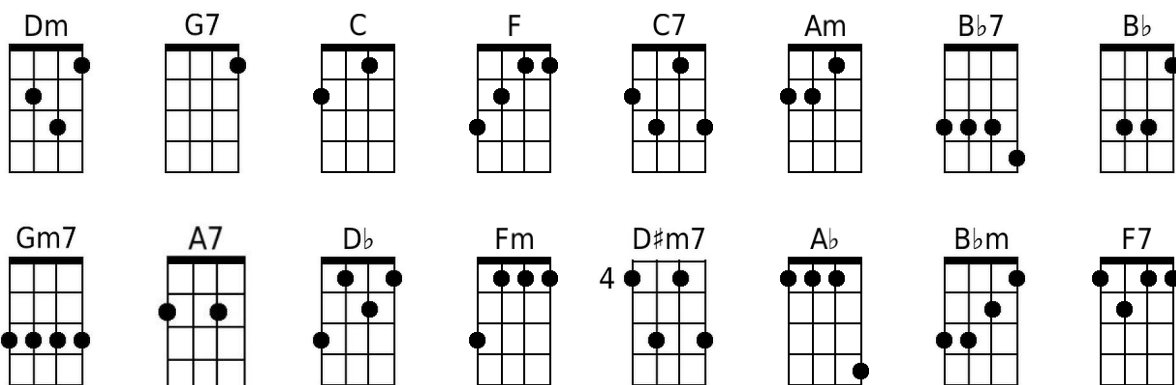
We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,

**Db Ab C7 F Gm7 F F7**

With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

**Dm Am Bb F Bb Am Gm7 A7**  
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-stead of sheep,  
**Dm G7 C C7 F**

And you'llll fall asleep, counting your ble- ess- ings.

**DGBE**

## Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - GCEA

**Introduction** Em A7 D G

**D7 Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7**  
 When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-stead of sheep,

**Em A7 D D7**  
 And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless-ings.

**D7 Em Bm C G C Bm D7 B7**  
 When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.

**Em A7 D7 G**  
 And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless-ings.

**Eb Gm Fm6 Cm**  
 I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,

**Eb Bb D7 G Am7 G G7**  
 And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

**Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7**  
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-stead of sheep,

**Em A7 D D7**  
 And you'lll fall a-sleep, counting your bless-ings.

**Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7**  
 So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-stead of sheep,

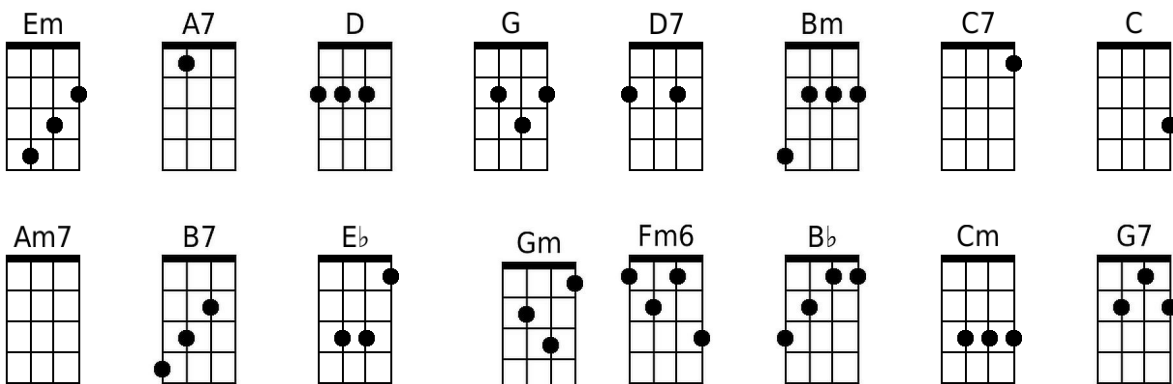
**Em A7 D7 G**  
 And we'll fall a-sleep, counting our bless-ings.

**Eb Gm Fm6 Cm**  
 We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,

**Eb Bb D7 G Am7 G G7**  
 With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

**Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7**  
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-stead of sheep,

**Em A7 D D7 G**  
 And you'lll fall a-sleep, counting your ble - ess-ings.

**GCEA**

## Count Your Blessings (Instead of Sheep)

(Irving Berlin, 1954) - Second verse is the Ray Conniff Singers adaptation - **DGBE****Introduction** Em A7 D G

**D7 Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7**  
 When I'm worried, and I can't sleep, I count my blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

**Em A7 D D7**  
 And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless-ings.

**D7 Em Bm C G C Bm D7 B7**  
 When my bankroll, is gettin' small, I think of when I had none at all.

**Em A7 D7 G**  
 And I fall a-sleep, counting my bless-ings.

**Eb Gm Fm6 Cm**  
 I think about a nursery, and I picture curly heads,

**Eb Bb D7 G Am7 G G7**  
 And one by one I count them, as they slumber in their beds

**Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7**  
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

**Em A7 D D7**  
 And you'lll fall a-sleep, counting your bless-ings.

**Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7**  
 So, if we're worried, and we can't sleep, we'll count our blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

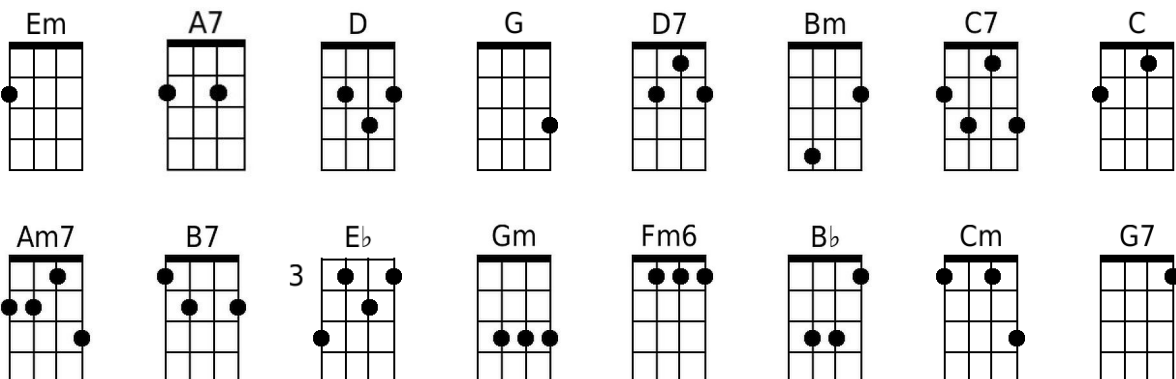
**Em A7 D7 G**  
 And we'll fall a-sleep, counting our bless-ings.

**Eb Gm Fm6 Cm**  
 We'll think about a Christmas Eve, and picture curly heads,

**Eb Bb D7 G Am7 G G7**  
 With presents waiting 'neath the tree, as they slumber in their beds.

**Em Bm C G C Bm Am7 B7**  
 If you're worried, and you can't sleep, just count your blessings in-**stead** of sheep,

**Em A7 D D7 G**  
 And you'lll fall a-sleep, counting your ble - ess-ings.

**DGBE**

I Just Called to Say I Love You (Stevie Wonder) Key G

Intro: Am D7 G

Gmaj7 G Gmaj7 G Gmaj7  
 No New Year's Day to celebrate  
 G Am AmMaj7  
 No chocolate covered candy hearts to give away  
 Am AmMaj7 Am AmMaj7  
 No first of spring No song to sing  
 Am7 D Gmaj7 G  
 In fact here's just another ordinary day

Gmaj7 G Gmaj7 G  
 No April rain No flowers bloom  
 Gmaj7 G Am AmMaj7  
 No wedding Saturday within the month of June  
 Am AmMaj7 Am AmMaj7  
 But what it is, is something true  
 Am7 D Gmaj7 G  
 Made up of these three words that I must say to you

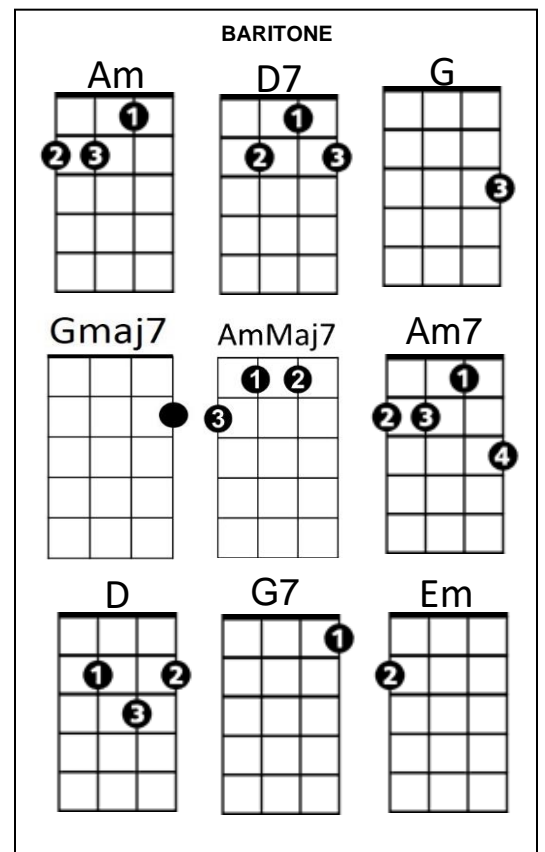
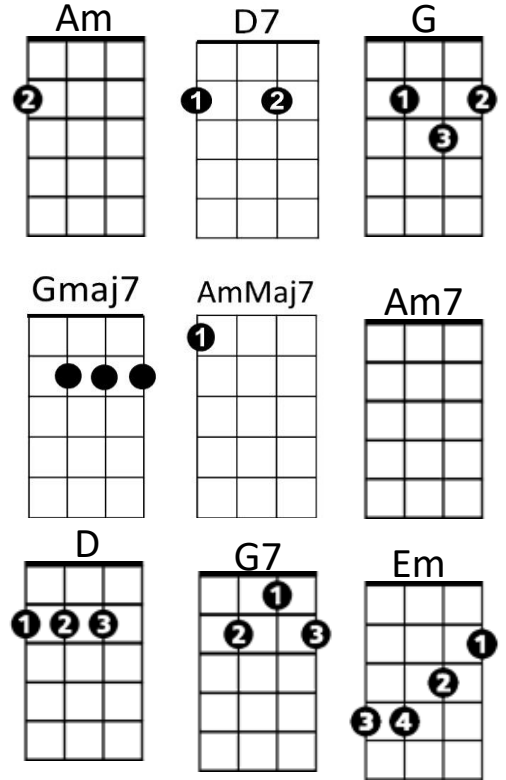
**Chorus:** Am D G  
 I just called to say I love you  
 Am D7 G G7  
 I just called to say how much I care  
 Am D G Em  
 I just called to say I love you  
 Am D7 G  
 And I mean it from the bottom of my heart

Gmaj7 G Gmaj7 G  
 No summer's high No warm July  
 Gmaj7 G Am AmMaj7  
 No harvest moon to light one tender August night  
 Am AmMaj7 Am AmMaj7  
 No autumn breeze No falling leaves  
 Am7 D Gmaj7 G  
 Not even time for birds to fly to southern skies

Gmaj7 G Gmaj7 G  
 No Libra sun No Hallo - ween  
 Gmaj7 G Am AmMaj7  
 No giving thanks to all the Christmas joy you bring  
 Am AmMaj7 Am AmMaj7  
 But what it is, though old so new  
 Am7 D Gmaj7 G  
 To fill your heart like no three words could ever do

**Repeat Chorus 2x**

Am D7 G Gmaj7 Am D7 G  
 And I mean it from the bottom of my heart Baby of my heart



I Just Called to Say I Love You (Stevie Wonder) Key of C

Intro: Dm G7 C

Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7  
 No New Year's Day to celebrate  
 C Dm Asus4  
 No chocolate covered candy hearts to give away  
 Dm Asus4 Dm Asus4  
 No first of spring No song to sing  
 Dm7 G Cmaj7 C  
 In fact here's just another ordinary day

Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7  
 No April rain No flowers bloom  
 C Dm Asus4  
 No wedding Saturday within the month of June  
 Dm Asus4 Dm Asus4  
 But what it is, is something true  
 Dm G C  
 Made up of these three words that I must say to you

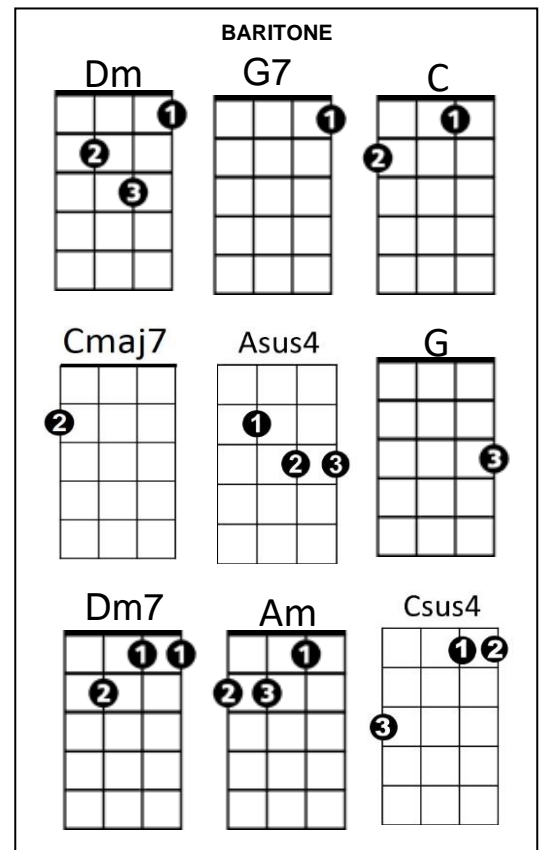
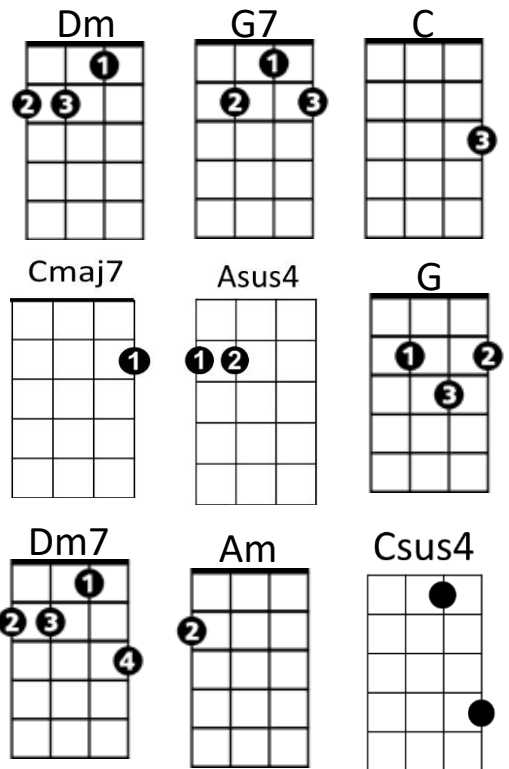
**Chorus:** Dm G C  
 I just called to say I love you  
 Dm G7 C  
 I just called to say how much I care  
 Dm G C Am  
 I just called to say I love you  
 Dm G7 C  
 And I mean it from the bottom of my heart

Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7  
 No summer's high No warm July  
 C Dm Asus4  
 No harvest moon to light one tender August night  
 Dm Asus4 Dm Asus4  
 No autumn breeze No falling leaves  
 Dm7 G Cmaj7 C  
 Not even time for birds to fly to southern skies

Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7  
 No Libra sun No Hallo - ween  
 C Dm Asus4  
 No giving thanks to all the Christmas joy you bring  
 Dm Asus4 Dm Asus4  
 But what it is, though old so new  
 Dm7 G C  
 To fill your heart like no three words could ever do

**Repeat Chorus 2x**

Dm G7 C Csus4 C Csus4 C G7 C  
 And I mean it from the bottom of my heart - of my heart - of my heart - Baby of my heart





It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year (Edward Pola and George Wyle, 1963) (C)  
It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year by Andy Williams (1963) - Version 2

**Intro:** C Am Dm G↓

1. It's the most wonderful time of the year, with the kids jingle belling

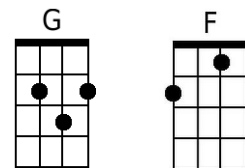
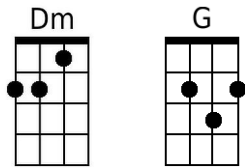
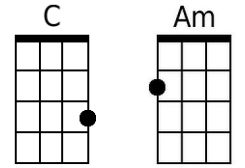
And everyone telling you, "Be of good cheer"

It's the most wonderful time of the year

2. It's the hap-happiest sea-son of all, with those holiday greetings

And gay happy meetings when friends come to call

It's the hap-happiest sea-son of all



**Bridge**

There'll be parties for hosting, marsh-mallows for toasting,

And caroling out in the snow. There'll be scary ghost stories

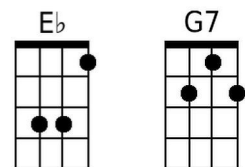
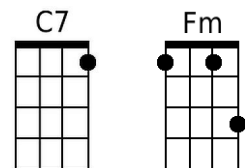
And tales of the glories of Christmases long, long ago.

3. It's the most wonderful time of the year.

There'll be much mistle-toeing, and hearts will be glowing,

When love ones are near. [2<sup>nd</sup> time through go to Outro]

It's the most wonderful time of the year.



**Repeat from Bridge – except last line of Verse 3**

**Outro:**

It's the most wonderful time, yes, the most wonderful time,

Oh, the most wonderful time of the year.

**Baritone**

A row of nine baritone guitar chord diagrams: C, Am, Dm, G, F, C7, Fm, Eb, and G7. Each diagram shows the fretting for the respective chord on a six-string baritone guitar.

It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year (Edward Pola and George Wyle, 1963) (G)

It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year by Andy Williams (1963) - Version 2

**Intro:** G Em Am D↓

1. It's the most wonderful time of the year, with the kids jingle belling

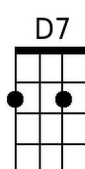
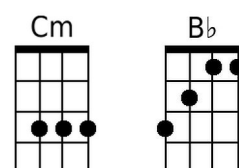
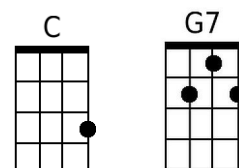
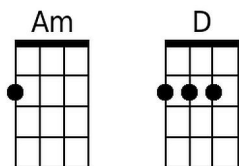
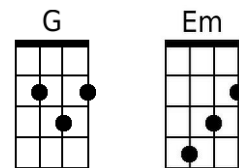
And everyone telling you, "Be of good cheer"

It's the most wonderful time of the year.

2. It's the hap-happiest sea-son of all, with those holiday greetings

And gay happy meetings when friends come to call

It's the hap-happiest sea-son of all



**Bridge**

There'll be parties for hosting, marsh-mallows for toasting,  
 And caroling out in the snow. There'll be scary ghost stories  
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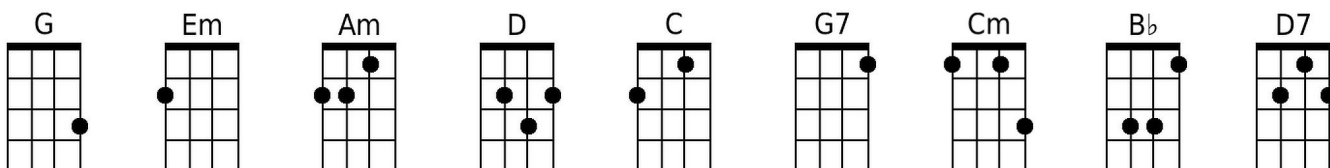
3. It's the most wonderful time of the year.  
 There'll be much mistle-toeing, and hearts will be glowing,  
 When love ones are near. **[2nd time through go to Outro]**  
 It's the most wonderful time of the year.

**Repeat from Bridge – except last line of Verse 3**

**Outro:**

It's the most wonderful time, yes, the most wonderful time,  
 Oh, the most wonderful time of the year.

**Baritone**





# My Favorite Things

(Richard Rogers & Oscar Hammerstein from "The Sound of Music," 1959)

My Favorite Things by Julie Andrews from the 1965 movie "The Sound of Music"

**Am**

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens

**F**

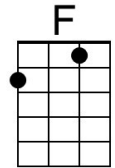
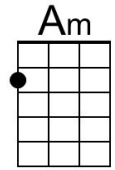
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens

**Dm G7 C F**

Brown paper packages tied up with string

**C F Bm E7**

These are a few of my favorite things.



**Am**

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels

**F**

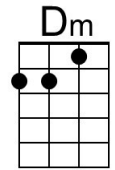
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles

**Dm G7 C F**

Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wing

**C F Bm E7**

These are a few of my favorite things.



**Am**

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes

**F**

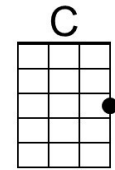
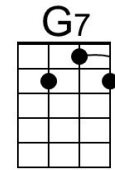
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes

**Dm G7 C F**

Silver white winters that melt into spring

**C F Bm E7**

These are a few of my favorite things.



**Am Dm E7 Am F**

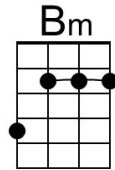
When the dog bites, when the bee stings, when I'm feeling sad.

**F Dm Am Dm**

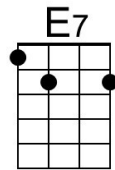
I simply remember my favorite things,

**Am Dm G7 C | C**

And then I don't feel so bad.



**(Repeat entire song, extend last line to end with 1 added measure of C)**



**Baritone**

A row of seven baritone guitar chord diagrams. From left to right: Am (fret 2, strings 2, 3, 4, 5), F (fret 1, strings 1, 2, 3, 4), Dm (fret 2, strings 2, 3, 4, 5), G7 (fret 3, string 6), C (fret 1, strings 2, 3, 4, 5), Bm (fret 2, strings 2, 3, 4, 5), and E7 (fret 1, strings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5).

## My Favorite Things

(Richard Rogers & Oscar Hammerstein from "The Sound of Music," 1959)

My Favorite Things by Julie Andrews from the 1965 movie "The Sound of Music"

**Em**

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens

**C**

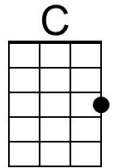
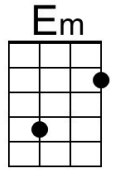
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens

**Am D7 G C**

Brown paper packages tied up with string

**G C F#m B7**

These are a few of my favorite things.



**Em**

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels

**C**

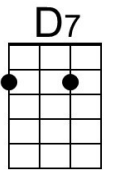
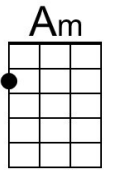
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles

**Am D7 G C**

Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wing

**G C F#m B7**

These are a few of my favorite things.



**Em**

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes

**C**

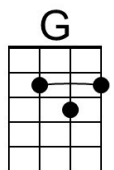
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes

**Am D7 G C**

Silver white winters that melt into spring

**G C F#m B7**

These are a few of my favorite things.



**Em Am B7 Em C**

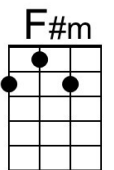
When the dog bites, when the bee stings, when I'm feeling sad.

**C Am Em Am**

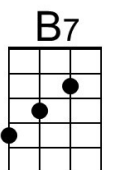
I simply remember my favorite things,

**Em Am D7 G | G**

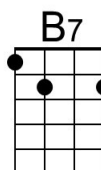
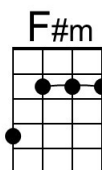
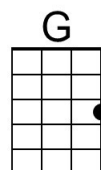
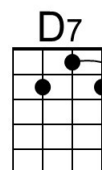
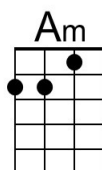
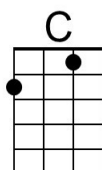
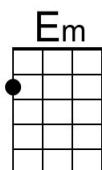
And then I don't feel so bad.



**(Repeat entire song, extend last line to end with 1 added measure of C)**



Baritone



# One Horse Open Sleigh

(James Lord Pierpont, 1857) – The Original Version of "Jingle Bells" – **Version 2**

## Intro (last 2 lines of verse)

Dm C G7 C G7

**C**  
1. Dashing thro' the snow,  
**C7** **F**  
In a one horse open sleigh,  
**Dm** **G7** **C**  
O'er the hills we go, laughing all the way;  
**(C)** **C7** **F**  
Bells on bob tail ring, making spirits bright,  
**Dm** **C**  
Oh what sport to ride and sing  
**G7** **C**  
A sleighing song to night.

## Chorus

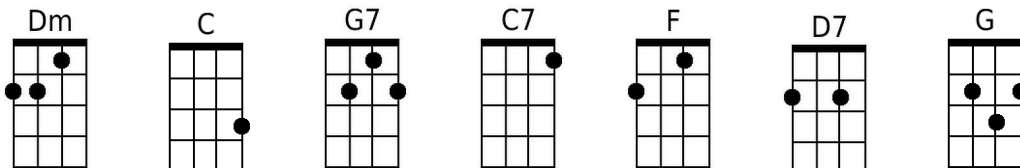
**G7 C**  
Oh, Jingle bells, Jingle bells,  
- **C7**  
Jingle all the way.  
**F C**  
Oh! what joy it is to ride  
**D7 G - G7**  
In a one horse open sleigh.  
**C**  
Jingle bells, Jingle bells,  
- **C7**  
Jingle all the way.  
**F C**  
Oh! what joy it is to ride  
**G7 C - G7**  
In a one horse open sleigh.

**C** **C7** **F**  
2. A day or two ago, I tho't I'd take a ride,  
**Dm** **G7**  
And soon Miss Fannie Bright,  
**C**  
Was seated by my side.  
**(C)**  
The horse was lean and lank,  
**C7** **F**  
Mis-fortune seem'd his lot,  
**Dm C G7 C**  
He got into a drifted bank and we? We got up-sot.

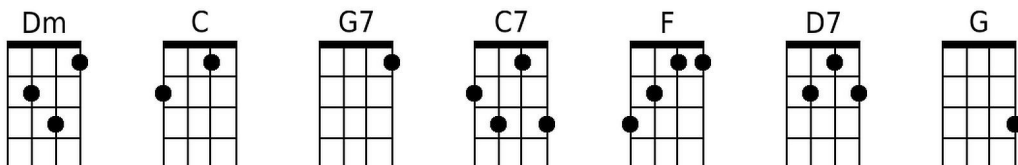
## Chorus

**C** **C7** **F**  
3. A day or two ago, the story I must tell,  
**Dm** **G7** **C**  
I went out on the snow and on my back I fell;  
**(C)** **C7** **F**  
A gent was riding by, in a one horse open sleigh,  
**Dm** **C**  
He laughed as there I sprawling lie,  
**G7 C**  
But quickly drove a-way. **Chorus**

**C**  
4. Now the ground is white,  
**C7** **F**  
Go it while you're young,  
**Dm** **G7** **C**  
Take the girls to-night and sing this sleighing song;  
**(C)** **C7** **F**  
Just get a bob tailed bay, two forty as his speed,  
**Dm** **C**  
Hitch him to an open sleigh  
**G7 C**  
And crack, you'll take the lead. **Chorus**



Baritone



# One Horse Open Sleigh

(James Lord Pierpont, 1857) – The Original Version of "Jingle Bells" – **Version 2**

## Intro (last 2 lines of verse)

Em D A7 D A7

**D**  
1. Dashing thro' the snow,  
**D7 G**  
In a one horse open sleigh,  
**Em A7 D**  
O'er the hills we go, laughing all the way;  
**(D) D7 G**  
Bells on bob tail ring, making spirits bright,  
**Em D**  
Oh what sport to ride and sing  
**A7 D**  
A sleighing song to night.

## Chorus

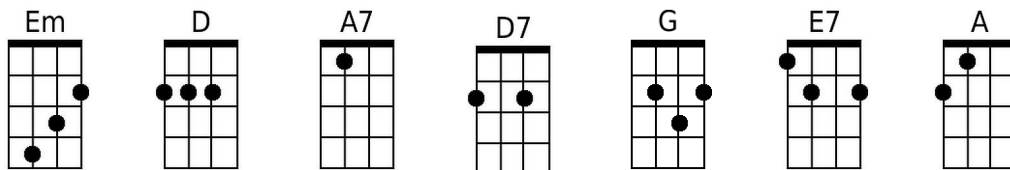
**A7 D**  
Oh, Jingle bells, Jingle bells,  
- **D7**  
Jingle all the way.  
**G D**  
Oh! what joy it is to ride  
**E7 A - A7**  
In a one horse open sleigh.  
**D**  
Jingle bells, Jingle bells,  
- **D7**  
Jingle all the way.  
**G D**  
Oh! what joy it is to ride  
**A7 D - A7**  
In a one horse open sleigh.

**D D7 G**  
2. A day or two ago, I tho't I'd take a ride,  
**Em A7**  
And soon Miss Fannie Bright,  
**D**  
Was seated by my side.  
**(D)**  
The horse was lean and lank,  
**D7 G**  
Mis-fortune seem'd his lot,  
**Em D A7 D**  
He got into a drifted bank and we? We got up-sot.

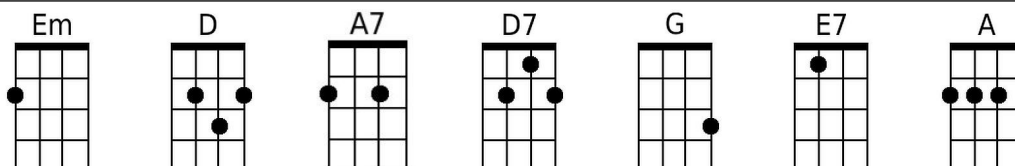
## Chorus

**D D7 G**  
3. A day or two ago, the story I must tell,  
**Em A7 D**  
I went out on the snow and on my back I fell;  
**(D) D7 G**  
A gent was riding by, in a one horse open sleigh,  
**Em D**  
He laughed as there I sprawling lie,  
**A7 D**  
But quickly drove a-way. **Chorus**

**D**  
4. Now the ground is white,  
**D7 G**  
Go it while you're young,  
**Em A7 D**  
Take the girls to-night and sing this sleighing song;  
**(D) D7 G**  
Just get a bob tailed bay, two forty as his speed,  
**Em D**  
Hitch him to an open sleigh  
**A7 D**  
And crack, you'll take the lead. **Chorus**



Baritone



# One Horse Open Sleigh

(James Lord Pierpont, 1857) – The Original Version of "Jingle Bells" – **Version 2**

## Intro (last 2 lines of verse)

Am G D7 G D7

**G**  
1. Dashing thro' the snow,  
**G7** **C**  
In a one horse open sleigh,  
**Am** **D7** **G**  
O'er the hills we go, laughing all the way;  
**(G)** **G7** **C**  
Bells on bob tail ring, making spirits bright,  
**Am** **G**  
Oh what sport to ride and sing  
**D7** **G**  
A sleighing song to night.

## Chorus

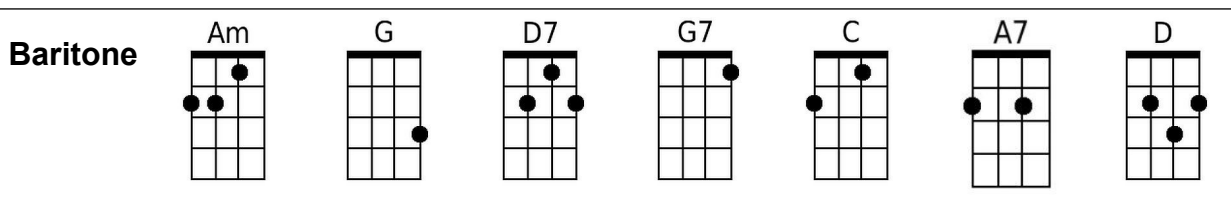
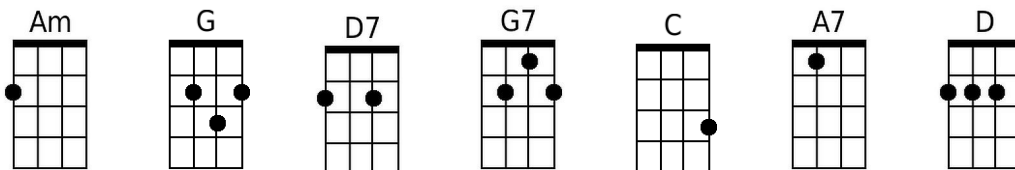
**D7 G**  
Oh, Jingle bells, Jingle bells,  
- **G7**  
Jingle all the way.  
**C** **G**  
Oh! what joy it is to ride  
**A7** **D** - **D7**  
In a one horse open sleigh.  
**G**  
Jingle bells, Jingle bells,  
- **G7**  
Jingle all the way.  
**C** **G**  
Oh! what joy it is to ride  
**D7** **G** - **D7**  
In a one horse open sleigh.

**G** **G7** **C**  
2. A day or two ago, I tho't I'd take a ride,  
**Am** **D7**  
And soon Miss Fannie Bright,  
**G**  
Was seated by my side.  
**(G)**  
The horse was lean and lank,  
**G7** **C**  
Mis-fortune seem'd his lot,  
**Am** **G** **D7** **G**  
He got into a drifted bank and we? We got up-sot.

## Chorus

**G** **G7** **C**  
3. A day or two ago, the story I must tell,  
**Am** **D7** **G**  
I went out on the snow and on my back I fell;  
**(G)** **G7** **C**  
A gent was riding by, in a one horse open sleigh,  
**Am** **G**  
He laughed as there I sprawling lie,  
**D7** **G**  
But quickly drove a-way. **Chorus**

**G**  
4. Now the ground is white,  
**G7** **C**  
Go it while you're young,  
**Am** **D7** **G**  
Take the girls to-night and sing this sleighing song;  
**(G)** **G7** **C**  
Just get a bob tailed bay, two forty as his speed,  
**Am** **G**  
Hitch him to an open sleigh  
**D7** **G**  
And *crack*, you'll take the lead. **Chorus**



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*Feel free to give thanks.*





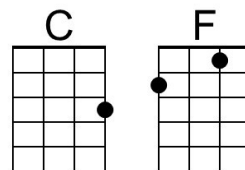
# Over The River And Through The Wood

“The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day”

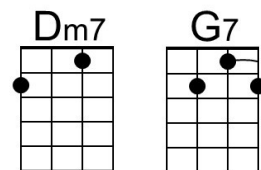
## Over the River and Through the Wood at The Hymns and Carols of Christmas

Words: Lydia Maria Child, "The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day" in *Flowers for Children*, Part II (New York: C. S. Francis & Co., Boston: J. H. Francis, 1844, 1854), pp. 25-28.

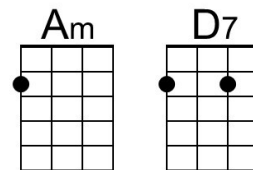
**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, to Grandfather's house we go;  
**Dm7** **G7** **C** **Am**  
 The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh  
**D7** **G - G7**



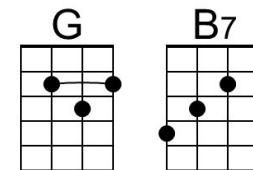
Through the white and drifted snow.  
**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, to Grandfather's house a-way!  
**F** **B7** **C** **Am** **C** **G7** **C** **G7**  
 We would not stop for doll or top, for 't is Thanks-giving Day.



**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, oh, how the wind does blow!  
**Dm7** **G7** **C** **Am** **D7** **G - G7**  
 It stings the toes, and bites the nose, as over the ground we go.



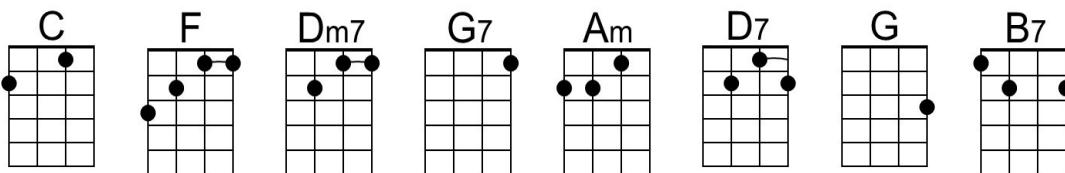
**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, with a clear blue winter sky,  
**F** **B7** **C** **Am** **C** **G7** **C** **G7**  
 The dogs do bark, and children hark, as we go jingling by.



**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, to have a first-rate play —  
**Dm7** **G7** **C** **Am** **D7** **G - G7**  
 Hear the bells ring “Ting a ling ding.” Hurra for Thanksgiving day!

**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood — No matter for winds that blow;  
**F** **B7** **C** **Am** **C** **G7** **C** **G7**  
 Or if we get the sleigh up-set in-to a bank of snow.

### Baritone



Over The River And Through The Wood (C) - Page 2

**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, to see little John and Ann;  
**Dm7 G7 C Am D7 G - G7**  
 We will kiss them all, and play snow-ball, and stay as long as we can.  
**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, trot fast my dapple gray!  
**F B7 C Am C G7 C G7**  
 Spring over the ground, like a hunting-hound, for 'tis Thanksgiving day!

**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, and straight through the barnyard gate;  
**Dm7 G7 C Am D7 G - G7**  
 We seem to go extremely slow, it is so hard to wait.  
**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood — Old Jowler hears our bells;  
**F B7 C Am C G7 C G7**  
 He shakes his paw, with a loud bow-wow, and thus the news he tells.

**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood — when Grandmother sees us come,  
**Dm7 G7 C Am D7 G - G7**  
 She will say, Oh dear, “the children are here, bring a pie for every one.”  
**C** **F** **C**  
 Over the river, and through the wood — now Grandmother's cap I spy!  
**F B7 C Am C G7 C G7**  
 Hurra for the fun! Is the pudding done? Hurra for the pumpkin pie!

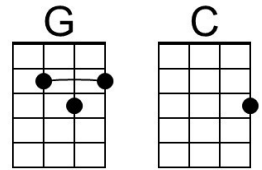
## Over The River And Through The Wood

“The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day”

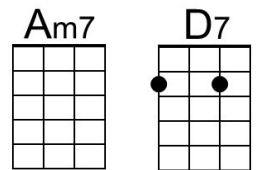
### Over the River and Through the Wood at The Hymns and Carols of Christmas

Words: Lydia Maria Child, "The New-England Boy's Song About Thanksgiving Day" in *Flowers for Children*, Part II (New York: C. S. Francis & Co., Boston: J. H. Francis, 1844, 1854), pp. 25-28.

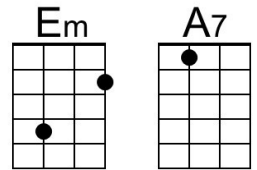
**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, to Grandfather's house we go;  
**Am7** **D7** **G** **Em**  
 The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh  
**A7** **D - D7**



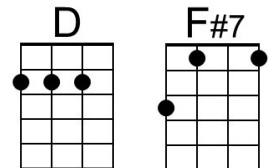
Through the white and drifted snow.  
**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, to Grandfather's house a-way!  
**C** **F#7** **G** **Em** **G** **D7** **G** **D7**  
 We would not stop for doll or top, for 't is Thanks-giving Day.



**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, oh, how the wind does blow!  
**Am7** **D7** **G** **Em** **A7** **D - D7**  
 It stings the toes, and bites the nose, as over the ground we go.

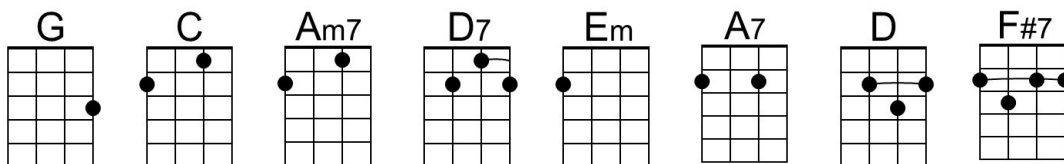


**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, with a clear blue winter sky,  
**C** **F#7** **G** **Em** **G** **D7** **G** **D7**  
 The dogs do bark, and children hark, as we go jingling by.



**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, to have a first-rate play —  
**Am7** **D7** **G** **Em** **A7** **D - D7**  
 Hear the bells ring “Ting a ling ding.” Hurra for Thanksgiving day!  
**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood — No matter for winds that blow;  
**C** **F#7** **G** **Em** **G** **D7** **G** **D7**  
 Or if we get the sleigh up-set in-to a bank of snow.

#### Baritone



Over The River And Through The Wood (C) - Page 2

**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, to see little John and Ann;  
**Am7 D7 G Em A7 D - D7**

We will kiss them all, and play snow-ball, and stay as long as we can.

**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, trot fast my dapple gray!  
**C F#7 G Em G D7 G D7**  
 Spring over the ground, like a hunting-hound, for 'tis Thanksgiving day!

**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood, and straight through the barnyard gate;  
**Am7 D7 G Em A7 D - D7**

We seem to go extremely slow, it is so hard to wait.

**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood — Old Jowler hears our bells;  
**C F#7 G Em G D7 G D7**  
 He shakes his paw, with a loud bow-wow, and thus the news he tells.

**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood — when Grandmother sees us come,  
**Am7 D7 G Em A7 D - D7**  
 She will say, Oh dear, “the children are here, bring a pie for every one.”

**G** **C** **G**  
 Over the river, and through the wood — now Grandmother's cap I spy!  
**C F#7 G Em G D7 G D7**  
 Hurra for the fun! Is the pudding done? Hurra for the pumpkin pie!

# Plenty To Be Thankful For (Irving Berlin, 1942) (C)

Plenty To Be Thankful For by Bing Crosby with Bob Crosby and His Orchestra (Bb @ 154)

**Intro** | C Am | Dm7 G7 | C Am | Dm7 G7 |

C Am Dm7 G7 C A7 | D7 G7 |

I've got plenty to be thankful for

C Am Dm7 G7 C

I haven't got great big yacht to sail from shore to shore.

Dm7 C Am Dm7 G7 C Am | Dm7 G7

Still, I've got plenty to be thankful for

C Am Dm7 G7 C A7 | D7 G7 |

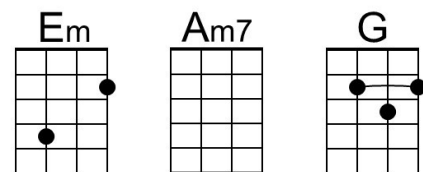
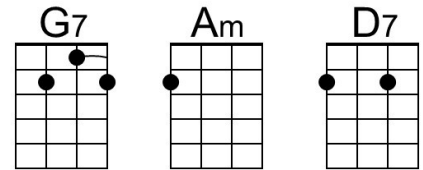
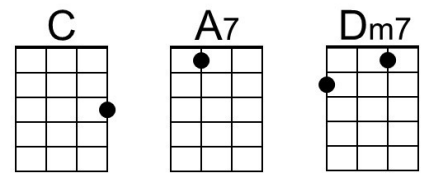
I've got plenty to be thankful for

C Am Dm7 G7 C

No private car, no ca - vi - ar, No carpet on my floor.

Dm7 C Am Dm7 G7 C Dm7 | C

Still, I've got plenty to be thankful for.



## Chorus

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7

I've got eyes to see with,

C | C

Ears to hear with

Em Am Am7 D7

Arms to hug with, lips to kiss with

G Dm7 G7

— Someone to adore

C Am Dm7 G7 C A7 | D7 G7 |

How could any - body ask for more?

C Am Dm7 G7

My needs are small, I buy 'em all

C

At the five and ten cent store

Dm7 C A7 Dm7 G7 C Am7 | Dm7 G7

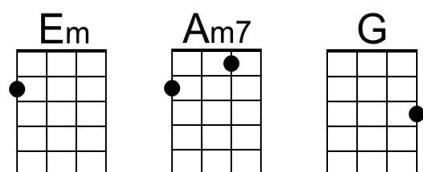
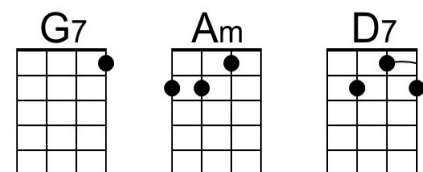
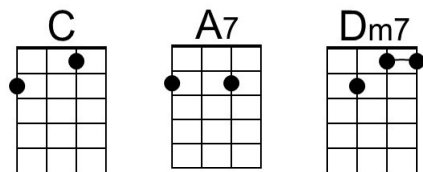
1. Oh, I've got plenty to be thankful for.

**Repeat from Top**

Dm7 C A7 Dm7 G7 C G7 | C

2. Oh, I've got plenty to be thankful for.

## Baritone



*A common variant of the I vi IV V progression ("Ice Cream Changes") – I vi ii V*

# Plenty To Be Thankful For (Irving Berlin, 1942) (G)

Plenty To Be Thankful For by Bing Crosby with Bob Crosby and His Orchestra (Bb @ 154)

**Intro** | G E7 | Am7 D7 | G Em7 | Am7 D7 |

G Em Am7 D7 G E7 | A7 D7 |

I've got plenty to be thankful for

G Em Am7 D7 G

I haven't got great big yacht to sail from shore to shore.

Am7 G Em Am7 D7 G Em | Am7 D7

Still, I've got plenty to be thankful for

G Em Am7 D7 G E7 | A7 D7 |

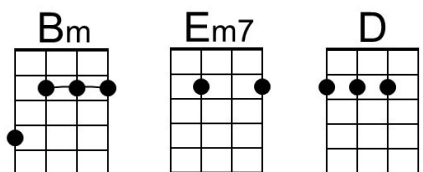
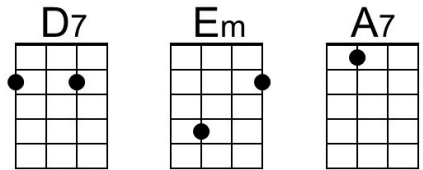
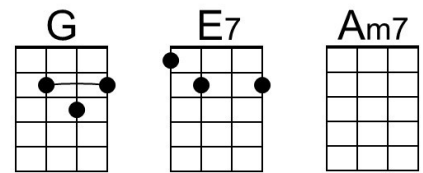
I've got plenty to be thankful for

G Em Am7 D7 G

No private car, no ca - vi - ar, No carpet on my floor.

Am7 G Em Am7 D7 G Am7 | G

Still, I've got plenty to be thankful for.



## Chorus

Am7 D7 Am7 D7

I've got eyes to see with,

G | G

Ears to hear with

Bm Em Em7 A7

Arms to hug with, lips to kiss with

D Am7 D7

— Someone to adore

G Em Am7 D7 G E7 | A7 D7 |

How could any - body ask for more?

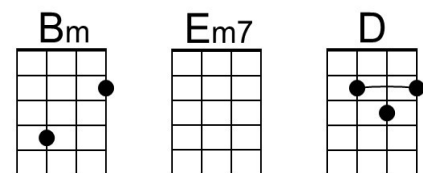
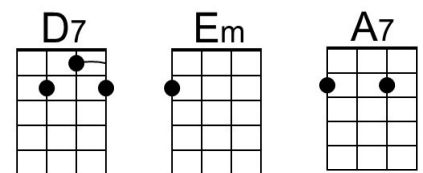
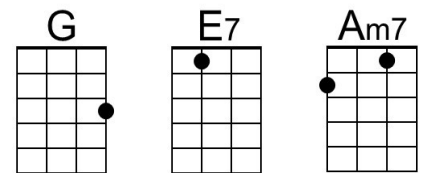
G Em Am7 D7

My needs are small, I buy 'em all

G

At the five and ten cent store

## Baritone



Am7 G E7 Am7 D7 G Em7 | Am7 D7

1. Oh, I've got plenty to be thankful for.

**Repeat from Top**

Am7 G E7 Am7 D7 G D7 | G

2. Oh, I've got plenty to be thankful for.

## Pumpkin Pie (Spirit In The Sky parody)

Original music & lyrics by Norman Greenbaum (1969); "Apple Pie" Adaptation by JoyLily  
Apple Pie by JoyLily

**Intro (2x)**

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C  
When we dine on turkey that's dressed  
F

That's the night that we all eat the best  
C

Even when the cranberry's dry

G C  
Gonna enjoy that Pumpkin pie.

C  
Gonna enjoy that Pumpkin pie.  
F

That's what we'll do on that special high  
C

When we dine on turkey that's dressed

G C  
That's the night that we all eat the best.

**Instrumental (2x)**

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C  
Prepare yourself you know it's a must

F  
Wear your special pants or you'll bust.

C  
With all this food, you'll be fine.

G C  
Un-buckle your pants for that Pumpkin pie.

C  
Un-buckle your pants for that Pumpkin  
pie.

F  
That's what we'll do on that special high

C  
On the night that the turkey is dressed

G C  
That's the night that we all eat the best.

**Instrumental (2x)**

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

C  
We'll start a diet some time next year  
F

For now, please, pants don't bust  
C

With all this food, we'll be fine.

G C  
Un-buckle your belt for that Pumpkin pie.

C  
Load me up with that Pumpkin pie.  
F

That's what I want on that special night.  
C

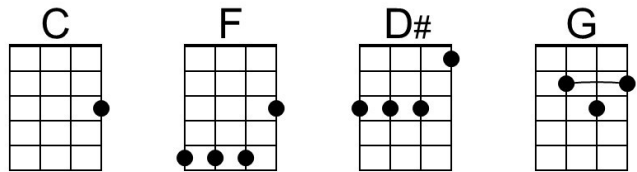
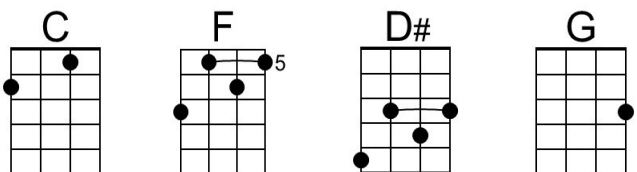
Don't give a darn\* a-bout all the rest.

G C  
I want the part of the meal that's the best!

C  
Give me the dessert that's the best!

**Outro (2x)**

| C | F D# C C | C | F C D# C |

**Baritone**

\* "Darn" was not the original lyric, but I didn't feel that "cr\*p" was appropriate for a family-safe web site.



# Pumpkin Pie (Spirit In The Sky parody)

Original lyrics by Norman Greenbaum (1969); "Apple Pie" Adaptation by JoyLily  
Apple Pie by JoyLily

### Intro (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

**G**  
When we dine on turkey that's dressed  
**C**  
That's the night that we all eat the best  
**G**  
Even when the cranberry's dry  
**D** **G**  
Gonna enjoy that Pumpkin pie.

**G**  
Gonna enjoy that Pumpkin pie.  
**C**  
That's what we'll do on that special high  
**G**  
When we dine on turkey that's dressed  
**D** **G**  
That's the night that we all eat the best.

### Instrumental (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

**G**  
Prepare yourself you know it's a must  
**C**  
Wear your special pants or you'll bust.  
**G**  
With all this food, you'll be fine.  
**D** **G**  
Un-buckle your pants for that Pumpkin pie.

**G**  
Un-buckle your pants for that Pumpkin pie.  
**C**  
That's what we'll do on that special high  
**G**  
On the night that the turkey is dressed  
**D** **G**  
That's the night that we all eat the best.

### Instrumental (2x)

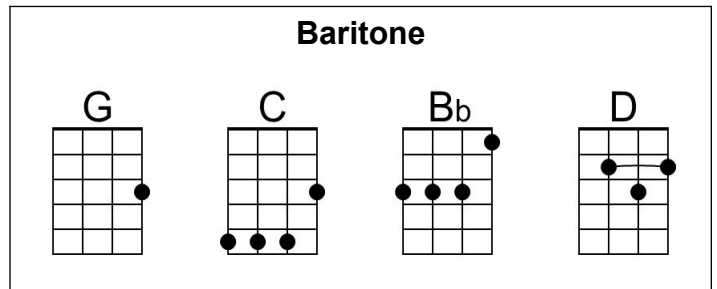
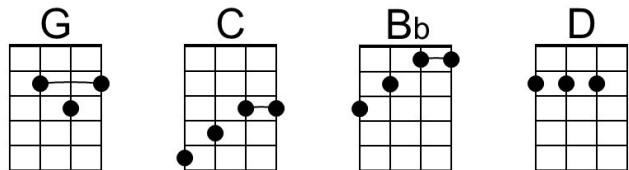
| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |

**G**  
We'll start a diet some time next year  
**C**  
For now, please, pants don't bust  
**G**  
With all this food, we'll be fine.  
**D** **G**  
Un-buckle your belt for that Pumpkin pie.

**G**  
Load me up with that Pumpkin pie.  
**C**  
That's what I want on that special night.  
**G**  
Don't give a darn\* a-bout all the rest.  
**D** **G**  
I want the part of the meal that's the best!  
**D** **G**  
Give me the dessert that's the best!

### Outro (2x)

| G | G C Bb G | G | G Bb C G |



\* "Darn" was not the original lyric, but I didn't feel that "cr\*p" was appropriate for a family-safe web site.



**Sugar Pie Honey Bunch (Edward Jr. Holland / Lamont Dozier / Brian Holland)**

**C** **G**  
 Sugar pie, honey bunch, you know that I love you  
**Dm** **F** **G**  
 I can't help myself, I love you and nobody else

**C** **G**  
 In and out my life, you come and you go  
**Dm** **F** **G**  
 Leaving just your picture behind, and I kissed it a thousand times

**C** **G**  
 When you snap your finger or wink your eye, I come a-running to you  
**Dm** **F** **G**  
 I'm tied to your apron strings, and there's nothing that I can do

**C** **G** **(first line of verse)**  
**Dm** **F** **G**  
 I can't help myself, no, I can't help myself

**C** **G**  
 Sugar pie, honey bunch, I'm weaker than a man should be  
**Dm** **F** **G**  
 I can't help myself, I'm a fool in love, you see

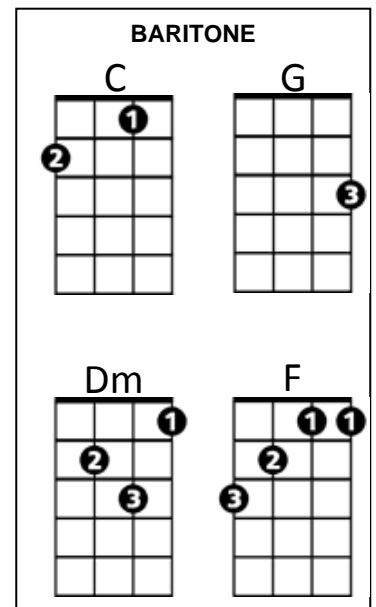
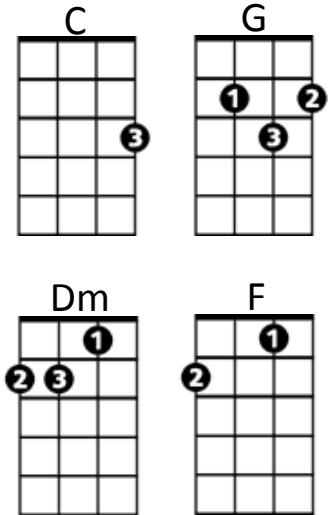
**C** **G**  
 Want to tell you I don't love you, tell you that we're through, and I've tried  
**Dm** **F** **G**  
 But ev'ry time I see your face, I get all choked up inside

**C**  
 When I call your name, Girl, it starts the flame, burning in my heart, tearing it all apart  
 No matter how I try, my love I cannot hide

**C** **G**  
 'Cause sugar pie, honey bunch, you know that I'm weak for you  
**Dm** **F** **G**  
 I can't help myself, I love you and nobody else

**C** **G**  
 Sugar pie, honey bunch, do anything you ask me to  
**Dm** **F** **G**  
 I can't help myself, I want you and nobody else

**C** **G** **(Repeat to fade)**  
 Sugar pie, honey bunch, you know that I love you  
**Dm** **F** **G**  
 I can't help myself, no, I can't help myself



# Sweet Potato Fry Blues

Key of C

Janet Bright

INTRO: G7 F7 C

C

Well here's a friendly warning you'd be wise to heed.

C7

I'm a lover not a fighter 'less you come between me

F7

C

C7 C C7

and my sweet potato, sweet potato fries.

G7

F7

C

C7 C C7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

C

Now you can have my cornbread and homemade apple pie,

C7

wash it down with sweet tea, but I ain't about to lie.

F7

C

C7 C C7

You better keep your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

G7

F7

C

C7 C C7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

G7 F7 C

C

Well if you listened closely you know just what to do.

C7

if I'm eatin' sweet potato fries they ain't for you.

F7

C

C7 C,C7

And you will avert your eyes from my sweet potato fries.

G7

F7

C

C7 C C7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

G7

F7

C

C7 C C7 C

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

# Thanksgiving Day (Ben Rector, 2020) (D)

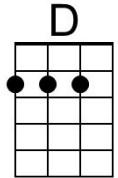
Thanksgiving Day by Ben Rector (D)

```

      D   G   D   A           D   G   D   A
A-----0-2-0-----X-----0-----
E---0-2-----2-0-0--X---0-2---3-2-2-0-0
G-2-----X-2-----
C-----X-----
    
```

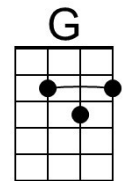
**Intro** Chord Melody (or D D G D D A A D D G D D A A)

**A7**            **D**            **Bm7**            **A**            **A7**  
 \_\_\_ Familiar highways \_\_\_ lined with leaves turned brown



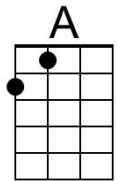
**D**            **Bm7**            **A**            **A7**  
 Making my way \_\_\_ back into my home-town

**D**                    **G**                    **A**                    **D**  
 Funny how this all looks different, but it feels the same



**D**                    **G**                    **D**                    **A**  
 Like how life never stops changing, but some things never change

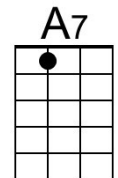
**G**                    **D**                    **A**                    **D**  
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family



**G**                    **D**                    **A - A7**  
 The kind of love that all these years can't wash a-way

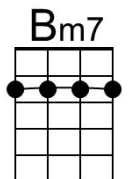
**G**                    **D**                    **A7**                    **D**  
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bitter-sweet

**G**                    **A A7 D**  
 Thank God for this Thanks-giv-ing Day



**Instrumental** D D G D D A A D D G D D A A

**A7**            **D**            **Bm7**            **A**            **A7**  
 Watching football \_\_\_ watching families grow



**D**            **Bm7**            **A**            **A7**  
 The old kid's table, \_\_\_ all have kids of their own

**D**                    **G**                    **A**                    **D**  
 Starting to see my grand-father in my nephew's eyes

**D**                    **G**                    **Bm7 A**  
 Mom still can't talk a-bout him and not al-most cry

**Baritone**

**G**                    **D**                    **A**                    **D**  
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family  
                  **G**                    **D**                    **A - A7**  
 The kind of love a thousand miles can't wash a-way  
                  **G**                    **D**                    **A7**                    **D**  
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bittersweet  
                  **G**                    **A7**                    **D**  
 Thank God for this Thanks-giving Day

**Instrumental**   **D D G D D A A   D D G D D A A**

**G**                    **D**                    **A**                    **D**  
 So fill your plate and fill your drink put your dishes in the kitchen sink  
                  **G**                    **D**                    **A A7**  
 And let the leftover year just wash a-way  
                  **G**                    **D**                    **A**                    **A7**                    **D**  
 'Cause we made it through, I do believe, the longest year in history  
                  **G**                    **A7**                    **D**  
 Thank God that it's Thanks-giving Day

**Outro**   **Chord Melody (or D D G D D A A (3x) D D G D A7 D D)**

**Chord Melody**

	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>		<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>D</b>		<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>		<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>A7</b>	<b>D</b>
A	-----0-2-0-----	X-----	0-----	X-----	0-2-0-----	X-----	0-----	0-----	X-----	0-----	0-----	X-----	0-----	0-----	X-----	0-----	0-----	3-2-0---	0-----
E	---0-2-----	2-0-0--X---	0-2--3-2-2-0-0--X---	0-2-----	2-0-0-X---	0-2---	3-2-0---	0---	X---	0-2---	3-2-0---	0---	X---	0-2---	3-2-0---	0---	X---	0-2---	3-2-0---
G	-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----	X-2-----
C	-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----

**Chord melody and tabs by Theresa Miller**

# Thanksgiving Day (Ben Rector, 2020) (C)

Thanksgiving Day by Ben Rector (D)

C F C G C F C G7

A-----0-----X-----

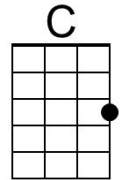
E---0-3---3-0-----X-----0-3-1-0-0-----

G-0-2----- -2-2---X---0-2-----2-2--

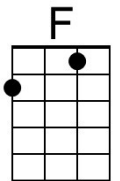
C-----X-----

**Intro** Chord Melody (or C C F C C G G C C F C C G G)

**G7** C **Am7** G **G7**  
 \_\_\_ Familiar highways \_\_\_ lined with leaves turned brown



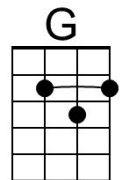
C **Am7** G **G7**  
 Making my way \_\_\_ back into my home-town



C F G C  
 Funny how this all looks different, but it feels the same

C F C G  
 Like how life never stops changing, but some things never change

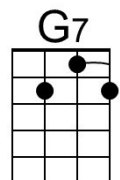
F C G C  
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family



F C G - G7  
 The kind of love that all these years can't wash a-way

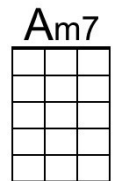
F C G7 C  
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bitter-sweet

F G G7 C  
 Thank God for this Thanks-giv-ing Day



**Instrumental** C C F C C G G C C F C C G G

**G7** C **Am7** G **G7**  
 Watching football \_\_\_ watching families grow



C **Am7** G **G7**  
 The old kid's table, \_\_\_ all have kids of their own

C F G C  
 Starting to see my grand-father in my nephew's eyes

C F **Am7** G  
 Mom still can't talk a-bout him and not al-most cry

Baritone

C F G G7 Am7

**F** **C** **G** **C**  
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family

**F** **C** **G - G7**  
 The kind of love a thousand miles can't wash a-way

**F** **C** **G7** **C**  
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bittersweet

**F** **G7** **C**  
 Thank God for this Thanks-giving Day

**Instrumental** **C C F C C G G C C F C C G G**

**F** **C** **G** **C**  
 So fill your plate and fill your drink put your dishes in the kitchen sink

**F** **C** **G G7**  
 And let the leftover year just wash a-way

**F** **C** **G** **G7** **C**  
 'Cause we made it through, I do believe, the longest year in history

**F** **G7** **C**  
 Thank God that it's Thanks-giving Day

**Outro** **Chord Melody (or C C F C C G G (3x) C C F C G7 C C**

**Chord melody**

	<b>C</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>		<b>C</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>		<b>C</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>		<b>C</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G7</b>	<b>C</b>
A	-----0-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	-----0-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	-----0-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	-----0-----	X-----	X-----	X-----
E	-----0-3-----	3-0-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	-----0-3-----	3-0-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	-----0-3-----	3-0-----	X-----	X-----	X-----	-----0-3-----	3-0-----	X-----	X-----
G	-----0-2-----	-----2-2-----	X-0-2-----	X-0-2-----	X-0-2-----	-----2-2-----	X-0-2-----	X-0-2-----	X-0-2-----	X-0-2-----	-----2-2-----	X-0-2-----	X-0-2-----	X-0-2-----	X-0-2-----	-----2-2-----	X-0-2-----	X-0-2-----	X-0-2-----
C	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----	-----X-----

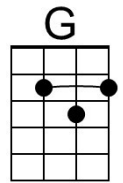
Chord melody and tabs by Theresa Miller

# Thanksgiving Day (Ben Rector, 2020) (G)

Thanksgiving Day by Ben Rector (D)

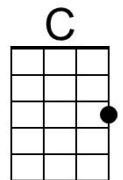
**Intro** Chord Melody (or G G C G G D D G G C G G D D)

**D7** **G** **Em7** **D** **D7**  
 \_\_\_ Familiar highways \_\_\_ lined with leaves turned brown



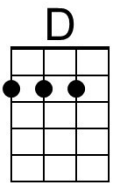
**G** **Em7** **D** **D7**  
 Making my way \_\_\_ back into my home-town

**G** **C** **D** **G**  
 Funny how this all looks different, but it feels the same



**G** **C** **G** **D**  
 Like how life never stops changing, but some things never change

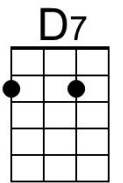
**C** **G** **D** **G**  
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family



**C** **G** **D - D7**  
 The kind of love that all these years can't wash a-way

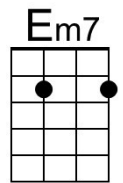
**C** **G** **D7** **G**  
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bitter-sweet

**C** **D D7 G**  
 Thank God for this Thanks-giv-ing Day



**Instrumental** G G C G G D D G G C G G D D

**D7** **G** **Em7** **D** **D7**  
 Watching football \_\_\_ watching families grow



**G** **Em7** **D** **D7**  
 The old kid's table, \_\_\_ all have kids of their own

**G** **C** **D** **G**  
 Starting to see my grand-father in my nephew's eyes

**G** **C** **Em7 D**  
 Mom still can't talk a-bout him and not al-most cry

**Baritone**

<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>Em7</b>

**C**                      **G**                      **D**                      **G**  
 So fill your plate and fill your drink, and fill this house with family  
          **C**                      **G**                      **D - D7**  
 The kind of love a thousand miles can't wash a-way  
          **C**                      **G**                      **D7**                      **G**  
 Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bittersweet  
          **C**                      **D7**                      **G**  
 Thank God for this Thanks-giving Day

**Instrumental**   **G G C G G D D   G G C G G D D**

**C**                      **G**                      **D**                      **G**  
 So fill your plate and fill your drink put your dishes in the kitchen sink  
          **C**                      **G**                      **D D7**  
 And let the leftover year just wash a-way  
          **C**                      **G**                      **D**                      **D7**                      **G**  
 'Cause we made it through, I do believe, the longest year in history  
          **C**                      **D7**                      **G**  
 Thank God that it's Thanks-giving Day

**Outro**   **Chord Melody (or G G C G G D D (3x) G G C G D7 G G)**

Chord melody and tabs by Theresa Miller





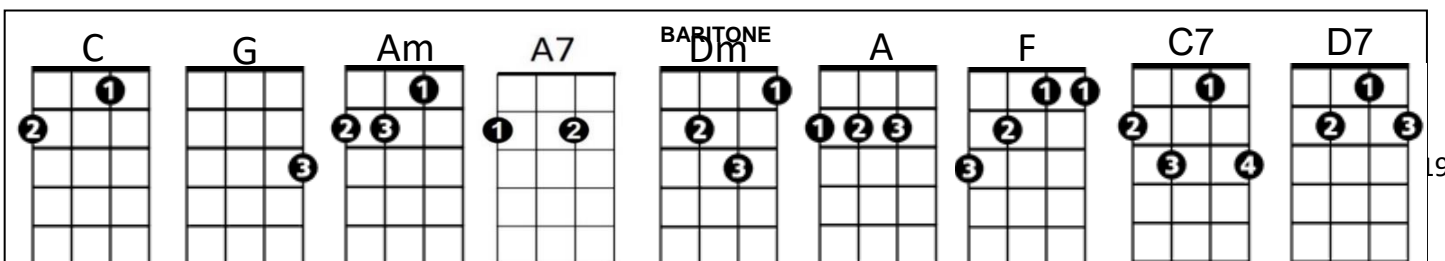
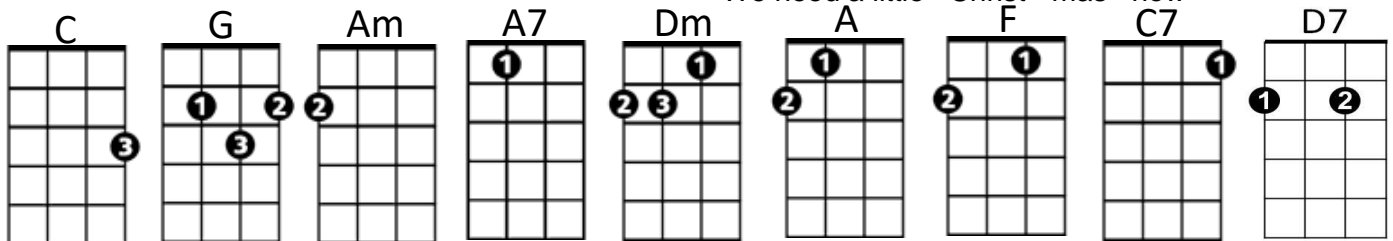
We Need a Little Christmas (Jerry Herman)

C51

C G C  
Haul out the holly  
G C Am A7  
Put up the tree be-fore my ~ spirit falls again  
Dm G Dm  
Fill up the stocking  
G Dm G  
I may be rushing things, but ~  
Dm G A A7  
Deck the halls again now  
Dm G C Am  
For we need a little Christmas, right this very minute  
F G C C7  
Candles in the window, carols at the Spinet  
Dm G C Am  
Yes, we need a little Christmas, right this very minute  
D D7  
It hasn't snowed a single flurry  
G G7  
But Santa, dear, we're in a hurry  
  
C G C  
So climb down the chimney  
G C Am A7  
Put up the brightest string of ~ lights I've ever seen  
Dm G Dm  
Slice up the fruitcake  
G Dm G  
It's time we hung some tinsel ~  
Dm G A A7  
On that evergreen bough  
Dm G C Am  
For I've grown a little leaner, grown a little colder,  
F G C Am  
Grown a little sadder, grown a little older  
Dm G C Am  
And I need a little angel, sitting on my shoulder.  
Dm F G C  
I need a little Christmas now.

C G C  
Haul out the holly  
G C Am A7  
Well, once I taught you all to ~ live each living day.  
Dm G Dm G  
Fill up the stocking  
Dm G  
But Auntie Mame, it's one week ~  
Dm G A A7  
Past Thanksgiving Day now  
Dm G C Am  
But we need a little Christmas, right this very minute  
F G C C7  
Candles in the window, carols at the Spinet  
Dm G C Am  
And we need a little Christmas, right this very minute  
D D7  
It hasn't snowed a single flurry  
G G7  
But Santa, dear, we're in a hurry

C G C  
So climb down the chimney  
G C Am A7  
It's been a long time since I ~ felt good, neighborly  
Dm G Dm  
Slice up the fruitcake  
G Dm G  
It's time we hung some tinsel ~  
Dm G A A7  
On that Mayberry bough  
Dm G C Am  
For we need a little music, need a little laughter  
F G C C7  
Need a little singing, ringing through the rafter  
Dm G C Am  
And we need a little snappy, happy ever after  
Dm F G C  
We need a little Christmas now  
Dm F G C  
We need a little Christ - mas now

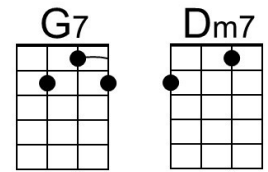


## Winter Wonderland

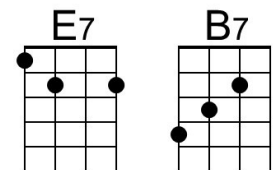
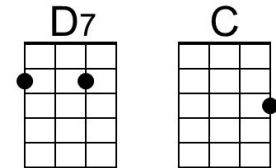
(Felix Bernard &amp; Richard Bernhard Smith, 1934); Additional lyrics added in 1947.

**Intro:** (Last two lines of verse) G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 D7 G7 C

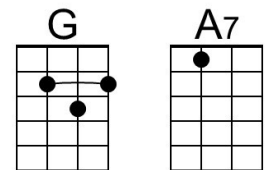
G7 C G7  
Sleigh bells ring, are you list'nin', in the lane snow is glist'nin'  
G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7  
A beautiful sight, we're happy to-night  
D7 G7 C  
Walking in a winter wonder-land.



G7 C G7  
Gone a-way is the blue-bird, here to stay is a new bird  
G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7  
He sings a love song as we go a-long  
D7 G7 C  
Walking in a winter wonder-land.

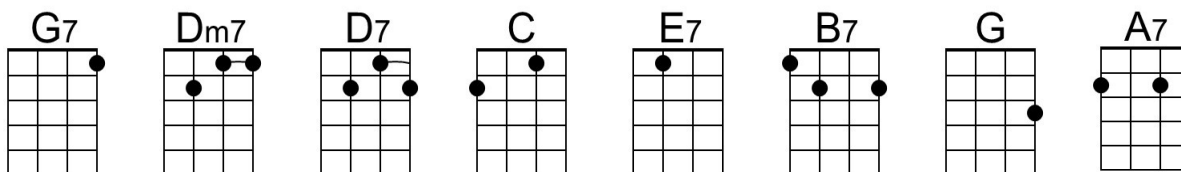


E7 B7 E7  
In the meadow we can build a snowman  
E7 B7 E7  
Then pretend that he is Parson Brown  
G D7 G  
He'll say, "Are you married?" We'll say, "No man"  
A7 D7 G7  
But you can do the job when you're in town.



C G7  
Later on we'll conspire as we dream by the fire  
G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7  
To face una-fraid, the plans that we've made  
D7 G7 C  
Walking in a winter wonder-land.

## Baritone





## Winter Wonderland

(Felix Bernard &amp; Richard Bernhard Smith, 1934); Additional lyrics added in 1947.

**Intro:** (Last two lines of verse) C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 G7 C7 F

C7 F C7  
Sleigh bells ring, are you list'nin', in the lane snow is glist'nin'

C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7

A beautiful sight, we're happy to-night

G7 C7 F  
Walking in a winter wonder-land.

C7 F C7  
Gone a-way is the blue-bird, here to stay is a new bird

C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7

He sings a love song as we go a-long

G7 C7 F  
Walking in a winter wonder-land.

A E7 A  
In the meadow we can build a snowman

A E7 A  
Then pretend that he is Parson Brown

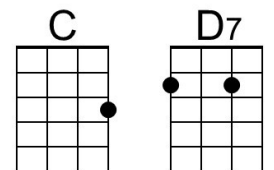
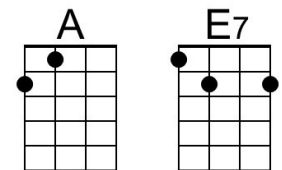
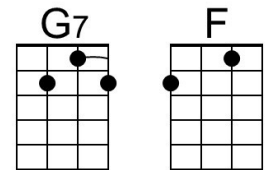
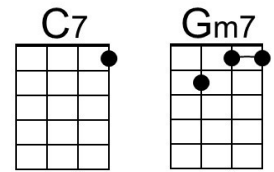
C G7 C  
He'll say, "Are you married?" We'll say, "No man"

D7 G7 C7  
But you can do the job when you're in town.

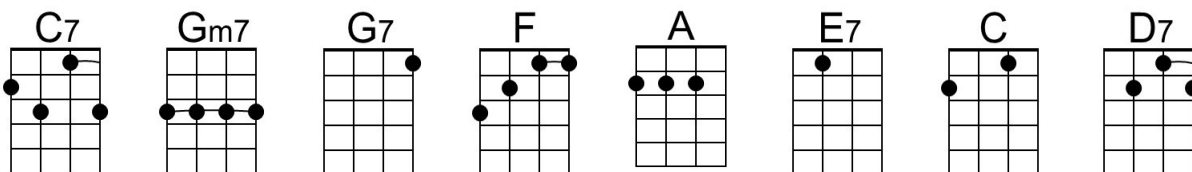
F C7  
Later on we'll conspire as we dream by the fire

C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7  
To face una-fraid, the plans that we've made

G7 C7 F  
Walking in a winter wonder-land.



## Baritone







# You Become Someone Else for the Holidays

(Nexium Commercial); Tune: "There's No Place Like Home for The Holidays"

**Intro** (Chords for 2 last lines)

**C** **F** **C**  
 You become someone else for the holidays  
**A7** **D7** **G7**  
 Eating, drinking, toasting every day  
**C** **F** **C**  
 You lose all inhibitions for the Holidays  
**G7** **Dm** **G7** **C**  
 Everybody celebrates in their own way

**F**  
 I'll take a bit of this, a touch of that  
**C**  
 and a smidge of this thing too  
**G7** **C**  
 And a tiny sliver of this pumpkin pie  
**F**  
 Well, I've had five Grande' latte's  
**C**  
 and sixteen espressos, too  
**G** **Am**  
 I licked the batter off this beater,  
**G** **G7**  
 gee, this frosting can't get sweeter

**C** **F** **C**  
 Oh I love everything about the Holidays  
**A7** **D7** **G7**  
 I'd like to raise a glass or two, or ten

(Enough with the toasts)

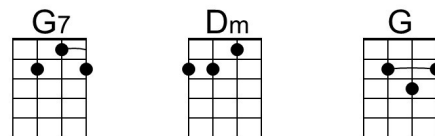
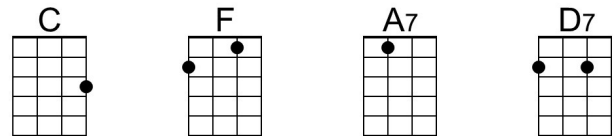
**C** **F** **C**  
 Oh I HATE every-thing about the Holidays  
**G7** **Dm** **G7** **C**  
 When will all this stress and chaos ever end?

**F**  
 I'll put some tinsel here, a bauble there,  
**C**  
 a wreath around the dog  
**G7** **C**  
 Well the neighbors will be jealous, that's for sure

**F**  
 My plate is filled with cookies, ice cream,  
**C**  
 toffee, tarts and fudge  
**G** **D7**  
 Man, that turkey looks horrific,  
**G** **G7**  
 but this broccoli tastes terrific

**C** **F** **C**  
 I drink plenty of nog for the Holidays  
**A7**  
 And since no one likes it here,  
**D7** **G7**  
 there's more for me  
**C** **F**  
 I've got breakfast and lunch  
**C**  
 in my purse right here  
**G7** **Dm**  
 And I'm eating like a king  
**G7** **C**  
 all week for free

**C** **F** **C**  
 You become someone else for the holidays  
**A7** **D7** **G7**  
 Eating, drinking, toasting every day  
**C** **F** **C**  
 So take care of yourself through the Holidays  
**G7** **Dm** **G7** **C**  
 And make sure that you're protected all the way,  
**G7** **Dm** **G7** **C**  
 And make sure that you're protected all the way!



**Baritone**



# You Become Someone Else for the Holidays

(Nexium Commercial); Tune: "There's No Place Like Home for The Holidays"

**Intro** (Chords for 2 last lines)

**G** **C** **G**  
 You become someone else for the holidays  
**E7** **A7** **D7**  
 Eating, drinking, toasting every day  
**G** **C** **G**  
 You lose all inhibitions for the Holidays  
**D7** **Am** **D7** **G**  
 Everybody celebrates in their own way

**C**  
 I'll take a bit of this, a touch of that  
**G**  
 and a smidge of this thing too  
**D7** **G**  
 And a tiny sliver of this pumpkin pie  
**C**  
 Well, I've had five Grande' latte's  
**G**  
 and sixteen espressos, too  
**D** **Em**  
 I licked the batter off this beater,  
**D** **D7**  
 gee, this frosting can't get sweeter

**G** **C** **G**  
 Oh I love everything about the Holidays  
**E7** **A7** **D7**  
 I'd like to raise a glass or two, or ten

(Enough with the toasts)

**G** **C** **G**  
 Oh I HATE every-thing about the Holidays  
**D7** **Am** **D7** **G**  
 When will all this stress and chaos ever end?

**C**  
 I'll put some tinsel here, a bauble there,  
**G**  
 a wreath around the dog  
**D7** **G**  
 Well the neighbors will be jealous, that's for sure

**C**  
 My plate is filled with cookies, ice cream,  
**G**  
 toffee, tarts and fudge  
**D** **A7**  
 Man, that turkey looks horrific,  
**D** **D7**  
 but this broccoli tastes terrific

**G** **C** **G**  
 I drink plenty of nog for the Holidays  
**E7**  
 And since no one likes it here,  
**D7** **G7**  
 there's more for me  
**G** **C**  
 I've got breakfast and lunch  
**G**  
 in my purse right here  
**D7** **Am**  
 And I'm eating like a king  
**D7** **G**  
 all week for free

**G** **C** **G**  
 You become someone else for the holidays  
**E7** **A7** **D7**  
 Eating, drinking, toasting every day  
**G** **C** **G**  
 So take care of yourself through the Holidays  
**D7** **Am** **D7** **G**  
 And make sure that you're protected all the way,  
**D7** **Am** **D7** **G**  
 And make sure that you're protected all the way!

